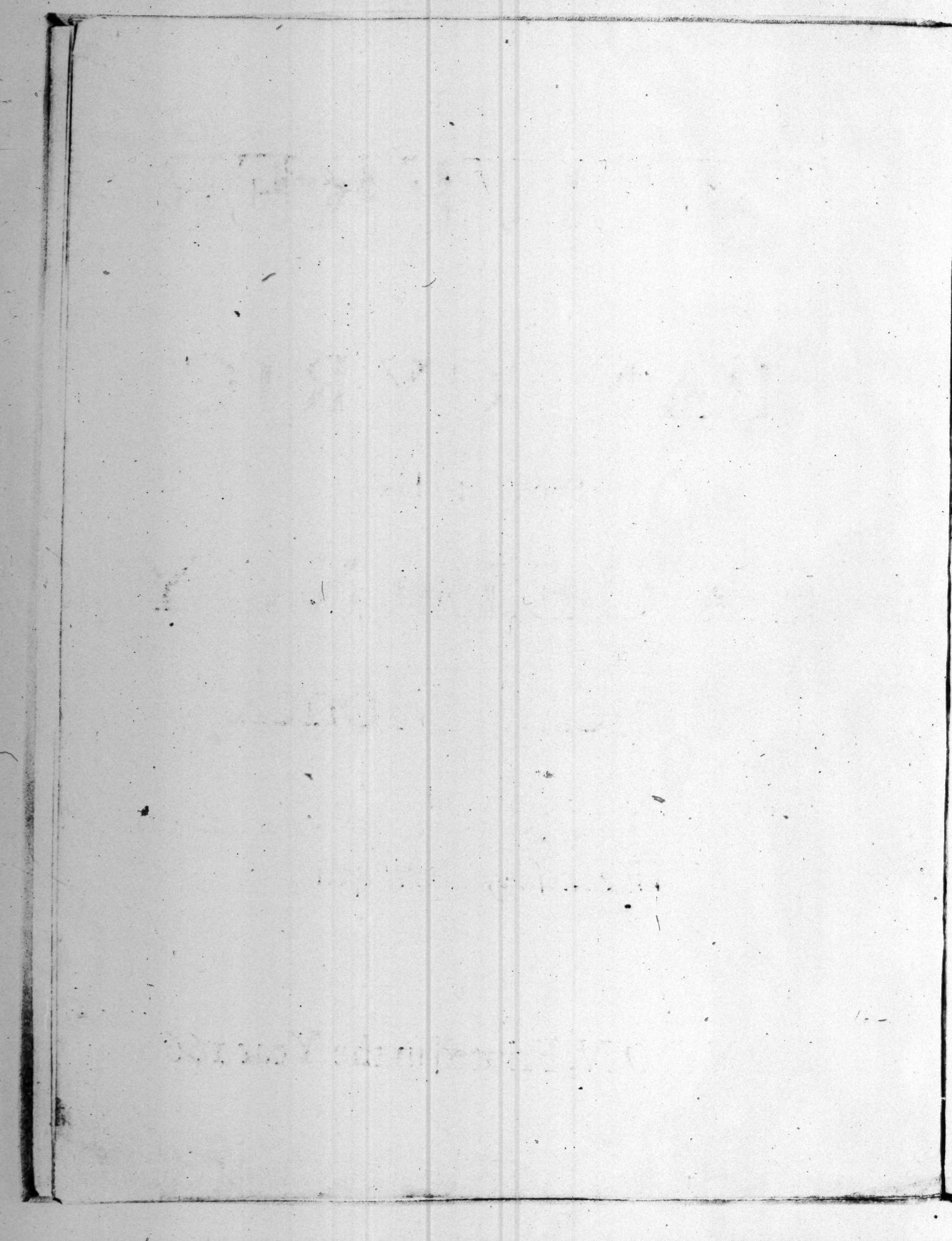


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THE
DELIVERER
INA
PANEGYRIC
Spoke n to his
EXCELENCY
General Monck.

At SKINNERS HALL on
Wednesday April 4th.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1660





THE DELIVERER.

Great Sir,

DID not our *unbelieving* grief once say
That we should never see this *happy day*?
Did not our pressures great, but greater fears
Command our eyes to wallow still in tears?
Or if some *dawn* of hope did e'r appear
To cozen our just sorrows of a tear;
If then a joyful drop stole out by chance
It ran unse'en, and did the grief advance.
Until the sighs and groans of the opprest
Rous'd up a noble anger in your breast,
To snatch our *Freedome* in a Luckie hour,
From the fell jaws of *Arbitrary power*.
Mov'd like a *Zealous patriot* you drew forth
True Safety bringing *Legions* from the *North*,
And broke their *Tyranny*, but not their shame,
Who call'd their *Junto* by so false a name.

Fixt in' their *Orbe* once more those *fallen Stars*
Then we believ'd might prove our *Tutelars*,
Till their dire *Influence* was understood
To blast the *Nations interest* and *Good*.
How did they court you with officious lies ?
Whoa! yet they veiw'd with waking Jealousies ;
Since their *false love* could no command afford,
But what might make you like themselves abhor'd
But see ! How *Justice* scourg'd their crimes and threw
The hate of such an *Order* where 'twas due ;
Swelling to such an height the pop'lar rage,
As nothing but their ruine could asswage.

'Twas but high time ; when your creating word
 Some order to our *Chaos* did afford,
 Charging the *Honour'd reliques* th' of *Old cause*
 Once more t'assert our *Liberties and Laws*.
 But (ah !) They only could asswage our grief,
 Not soundly cure the wounds ; the true relief
 Is a full *Sessions* and a free, to heal,
 In the right method, the sick *Commonweal*.
 These, these are glorious hopes , which make each breast
 Swel with *unruly joyes* ; nor can ours rest,
 But, big with their true *zeal*, would let you know
 What they to so immense a merit ow.
 In the glad train of them, souls that have rear'd
 Pure vows of *gratitude*, let ours be heard ;
 Whose *pious breathings* would be understood
 To wish you stil as *Great* as you are *Good*.
 Ah ! (Noble Sir,) propitious Heav'n, that meant
 You for this great and glorious *instrument*,
 To make three Nations b'est, sure did inspire,
 And warme your *breast* with this *heroic fire*.
 Where are the *Triumphs* ? Where the *Laurels* now
 That should incirele your victorious brow ?
 Where are those means, that may your *fame* dilate,
 And mount your Glory 'bove the reach of Fate ?
Pious Antiquity Statues allow'd,
 Made Heroes Gods, and at their *Altars* bow'd ;
 Trophies advanc'd, and Pyramids so high,
 Their wounding spires might bore the *Galaxie*.
 In stead of these pompous expensive arts,
 We'll rear you *living pyramids* of hearts,
 Flam'd with revering thoughts, which when we dye,
 Shall fall entail'd on our posterity :
 Infants shall be instructed how to frame,
 And lisp (before they know their debt) *Your Name* ;
 Thus by successive reverence shall your Glory,
 And grand etchievements be immortal story.

How

How did at first the silly Vulgar gaze
 At your *suspicious carriage* and *delays*?
 How angry talk, and in a saucy mood,
 Censure those actions, they nere understood?
 poor shallow *Hot-spurs*, zeal not Judgement show!
 Have their eyes nere observ'd the Sculler Row?
 Or that, not a clear morn, but *duskish Gray*
 Oftner foretels a *fair insuing day*?
 Go on (*Great Sir*) go on, as you begun;
 Since *slightest Counsels* are the soonest spun,
 And in such *Misty times* to walk secure,
 The slowest paces are the safest sure.
 Pursue with *indefatigable pace*
 Those *brave resolves*, that did begin the Race:
 And may (while you through th' *State Ecliptic* run)
 Your course be as unerring as the Sun.
 And while insinuating *Earwigs* try
 To suare your Judgement with their flattery:
 Damp all their curst designs, whose pride and hate
 Might make them else the *Boutefeu*s of State.
 You are our *Hopes* upon whose single breast
 The *Nations* whole prosperity doth rest;
 So safe from *Fortunes* vain Artillery
 We in your *Valour* and your *prudence* lye.
 Should *Armed Discontent* cloud our calm days
 Or raging storms the *phantick* *sectary* raise?
 We know your *courage* can allay them quite
 Lock up the *winds*, and slumbor all their spite.
 Guid then the *publick Vessel* and so steer
 From *treacherous rocks* and *greedy quicksands* clear
 Into the *port*, where it may ride secure
 In you the skilful watchful *palinure*.
 Thus while your *Vertues* shine with constant light,
 Envy may shew her teeth but never bite;
 Too weak to hurt she and her *brood* accurst
 Will by the rage of their own *Venom* burst.

Descent

Descend (*bleſt peace,*) from Heaven to us below,
 Long look't for come ; The Gallant M O N K say so :
 With balmy hand (*ah ! Barbarous civil Wars*)
 Cure both our *Wounds*, and take away the *scars.*
 Clap thy glad pinions on, be no more *coy*,
 But spread throughout an universal *joy*,
 Shout cherishing seat, through the whole *Commonweale*,
 That ev'ry member may its vigour feel.
 Raise the sad *Church*, from ashes where she lies,
 Nor let mad *zeale* more spurn them in her eyes :
 Bright in her pristine form shall she inspire
 Then with new songs of praise her holy *Lyre*.
 Make the hot servants of the *Alter feare*
 Their *Masters* seamless coat again to tear ;
 Leaſt it be ever mention'd to their shame,
 Their *holy-water* doth all broyls *inflame*.
 Fly through the *Courts of Justice*, make them be
 Firm pillars of unbiass'd equity ;
 where neither fear nor favour shall prevaile,
 But hands *unpaliſ'd* hold the even *ſeale*.
 Calm to the good, but stern towards the *base*,
 Learn them to give or Glory or Disgrace,
 Free from that unjust and obsequious aw,
 That too oft warp'd their Judgements from the *Law*.

Then ſhed the welcome favour of thy smiles
 On all the Schools of *Learning* in our *Jles* ;
 Let their high *Laws* record, twas M O M K that made
 The Arts break out from their *inglorious shade*
 Give Learned; Oxford hopes, hopes not in vain
 That their *dry bayes* ſhall burgeon once again ;
 And that their *tomy* ſhall no more be thrown
 To be a guerdon for the *Wasp* or *Drone*.
 Bid *Chaw's* pure Waters run unmuſti'd now,
 And all his *Muses* wear a cheerful brow :
 Strike (Sisters) strike the *Panegyrie Vein*,
 While *The Deliverer* closes every strain.

Cast on this City too a pleasing glance,
 Their hopes incourage, and their trade advance,
 Give them light hearts, who fear no greater curse
 Then heavy hearts, that spring from a light purse.
 Nor longer let the Flayl and plow be curit ;
 Rejoyce (*Swain*) in thy labours as at first,
 And when our present publick needs relax,
 Sweat thou no more for an Excise or Tax.

When thus (*dearest peace*) tho i shalt dispense,
 Great M O N K protecting this bland Influence ;
 plenty our wishes shall anticipate
 And make these *Isles the truely Fortunate* :
 So Maugre their mad rage that dare oppose,
 Shal we arise a Nation Glorious.

The joy of our friends eyes, but enemies sore,
 Who though they deadly hate, shall fear us more.
 Thus with more lustre doth the conquering Sun
 Break through a Cloudy Exhaltation :
 Thus welcur'd sicknesses confirm the more,
 And Fractur'd bones grow stronger then before.

Thrice blest be you ! (Just General) for no leſſe
 Then Britains present and hop'd happiness ;
 Our throng'd petitions, shall nere cease to rise
 For You and Yours a Votive Sacrifice.

May you have blessings from an endlesse store
 And nere know crosse to make you prize them more,
 Health and long life attend, you and a mind
 From common dreggie passions refin'd.
 As peace without, may you have peace within,
 Calm conscience and the guilt of no black sin.
 Sweet end your days, and may your night end so,
 And never an affrighting Vision know,
 Let discontent its sullen forces prove
 On them that marry where they cannot Love ;
 Send anxious thoughts to Merchants, in whose minds :
 Fear keeps a greater coil then the raw winds :

But

But let your joy be such as *Heroes* warm,
 When they reviw the beauty, order, charms
 Of *Kingdomes* moving regular and true.
 Which their *high courage* from confusion drew.
 May *Angels* be your *Life-guard*, and still stand
 Safe to protect you from the *treacherous* hand
 And since such power have pure pray'rs ours shall be,
 Your never penetrable *Cap-a-ne*.
 Still with fresh *Laurels* be your temples prest
 Snatch'd from the swelling foes triumphed crest :
 Firm stand your *Legions* may they never flee
 (Unlesse after a routed *Enemy*)
 True, just, and no more wav'ring then the *poles*,
 As if a ray from Yours had fixt their souls.
 May that immortal honour and renown
 which being *our Deliverer* you have won,
 Look with blith face and never smiling lips;
 And nere be darkned by the least Eclipse.
 What shall we wish you more? S I R, may you know
 All that is *truly good*, or men prize so.
 If there be more then this, we must not name
 It till the *Royal Charls* confirm the same
 (*Crown'd by your hand*) when he (all foes subdued)
 Makes you a *Star* of the first *Magnitude*.

F I N I S.

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